MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V NOVEMBER, 1910 No. 9

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ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR
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International Meeting

TO COMMEMORATE

Our Chicago Martyrs

MURDERED BY THE CAPITALIST CABALA

on the 11th November, 1887

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Friday Evening, November 11th, 1910

8 P. M.

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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

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Vol. V **NOVEMBER, 1910** **No. 9**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

BARELY twenty-three years have passed since the capitalist conspiracy of 1887, which resulted in the legal murder of our comrades, Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer, and Engel. Yet a new crime, more dastardly than ever, is now on foot to throttle labor. The moneyed powers have again entered into a conspiracy. This time on the Pacific Coast, where they have been carrying on a ferocious war upon organized labor. With usual brazenness they are laying every crime at the doors of the workers in order to discredit the attempt for economic betterment. As on previous occasions, the entire police force and the courts of San Francisco and Los Angeles are on the side of capitalism, ready to do their masters' bidding, to hound and run down the workers. It is therefore of the utmost importance that labor everywhere come to the rescue of their fellow workers in California. Theirs is not a battle of the moment. It is an economic war of the gravest significance to the cause of all the workingmen of America.

Our brothers in Los Angeles have already realized the seriousness of the situation. They know that nothing short of strong, energetic organized activity on their part will check the villany of the enemy. With that in view a gigantic demonstration has been arranged; 30,000 workers will manifest their solidarity and devotion to the cause of industrial emancipation. We have sent them the following message:

We follow with great interest your brave struggle. It is not only for our brothers in California, but all workers in America for their right, their liberty, and their economic wellbeing. We extend to you our

moral, and if need be, our financial support. The courage and solidarity of labor must conquer not only in Los Angeles, but everywhere.

Emma Goldman,
Bolton Hall,
Leonard Abbott,
Hippolyte Havel,
Alexander Berkman,
Dr. Juliet H. Severance,
Dr. Chas. Andrews,
Ben L. Reitman.

* * *

FREE speech in America has become alienated from its native soil. Every day brings a new struggle for the right of free expression. Our rulers dread nothing so much as the free voice. It might disclose the rottenness of their regime, hence free speech must be suppressed at all cost. Just at present the usual brutal police methods are being used against the I. W. W. at Fresno. Forty boys have already been arrested for the terrible crime of street speaking. How stupid organized authority is if it assumes that the revolutionary spirit can be broken by persecution or imprisonment! The boys who are in the Fresno jail have gone through the crucible in Goldfield, Missoula, and Spokane. They are evidently made of the stuff that is laying the foundation for the great proletarian revolt to come. What these brave fighters have to face can be seen from the ever ready American Judas —the press. Thus, the *Fresno Herald and Democrat* urges the following "democratic" measure against the I. W. W. boys:

"It is incumbent upon all classes of citizens to aid the police in the suppression of these Industrial Workers of the World if they attempt to disturb the peace of the city. For men to come here for the express purpose of creating trouble a whipping post and a cat-o'-nine tails well seasoned by being soaked in salt water is none too harsh a treatment for the peace breakers. Indeed, such a punishment would prove more efficacious than a term in a dark cell."

It would not be amiss to give this penny-a-liner a dose of his own medicine, if the workers had not more important work to do than to waste their time on a newspaper harlot. We hope the Free Speech friends everywhere will come to the aid of the I. W. W. They

are fighting our fight. The least we can do is to assist them morally and financially. All communications to be sent to N. L. Leister, Box 209, Fresno, Cal.

* * *

THE soul-destroying mill of our system has ground to death one more victim. James Wilson, one of the ablest men in the I. W. W. movement in America is no more. He was killed by a train on his return from Portland. Although a college man, James Wilson, unlike some of his colleagues, was too big and too unassuming to make his comrades in the I. W. W. movement feel his intellectual superiority. Yet tragic as it is, these very comrades understood him least. Like most great pioneers of human emancipation, he was terribly maligned and misrepresented by some of the people he loved and served so well.

Our comrade was among the first to found the *Industrial Worker*. Indeed he was its very spirit until the free speech fight in Spokane called him to the front. He followed the call with the same quiet courage and devotion as was his wont all through his activities in the revolutionary struggle.

We hope soon to bring a detailed sketch of James Wilson's life and work. To-day we can only say that when the proletariat of America will win its final victory, it will have to remember among other victims of cruelty and ignorance our dead friend, James Wilson.

* * *

THE concerted efforts of the liberty-loving element in America have saved Pouren and Rudowitz from the bloody clutches of the Russian Tsar. Nicholas' insatiable appetite, having met with such a defeat here, is now turning to other countries more willing to do his terrible bidding.

Savva Federenko, who participated in the desperate struggle for Russian liberty, has been arrested in Winnipeg, Canada, at the behest of the "little father." Federenko is charged with having disposed of a traitor to the Russian Revolution. His extradition has already been decided upon by the servile judges of the lower Canadian court. The case is appealed, and it is to be hoped that the same spirit which saved Pouren

and Rudowitz will move a gigantic protest against the latest outrage of the Russian dynasty. Surely we cannot permit that Federenko be delivered to the "tender mercies" of the Tsar. We have but to remember the innumerable victims that monster has already devoured, to leave nothing undone to save our friend from such a fate. Large public protests should be arranged and material aid be sent to Dr. Paul Kaplan, 230 East Broadway, New York City.

Let the voice of liberty and justice be heard.

* * *

THE Canadian authorities are not content with playing the henchmen for Russia, merely. They are also engaged in the censorship of all free ideas. Radical literature, published in monarchical England, and sent to one of our subscribers, has been confiscated by the authorities of so-called free Canada. In response to the investigation of our subscriber he received this communication:

"Replying to your favor of the 8th re books from MOTHER EARTH: the books arrived some time ago, but as they were mostly on Anarchism and of a treasonable nature, they were confiscated and were forwarded to headquarters. Books of this nature are not allowed to come into Canada."

It goes without saying that we immediately protested against such an outrage on the freedom of the press. But though our letter was sent five weeks ago, we have so far received no reply. Our protest reads as follows:

"For years this office has been sending literature—both by mail and express—to various points in Canada. We have never had any of the matter confiscated, but now we are informed by Mr. ——— that the authorities at Yorkton refuse to forward to him a package of literature recently mailed by this house. We are not aware that any individual official of the Canadian Customs House possesses the authority to decide as to what literature is or is not admissible into Canada. It may also be stated that most of the literature mailed to Mr. ——— and confiscated by your office originally came from England and was forwarded by us to Canada. We cannot take any other

view than that the confiscation was due to some over-zealous subordinate, who arbitrarily constituted himself censor of what is or is not admissible to Canada. We hope that you will investigate the matter at once and release the package of literature in question."

* * *

FRANCISCO FERRER and Anthony Comstock—seemingly an impossible combination. But there was a somewhat similar relation between Jesus and Judas, between Fra Girolamo Savonarola and Pope Alexander VI., between Voltaire and the Church, which up to this very day tries to calumniate the philosopher.

The fact is, Comstock attempted to participate in the New York Ferrer movement by confiscating a Ferrer memorial picture and trying to brand it as "obscene mail matter."

In other words, Comstock has made an ass of himself,—an easy task for him indeed, since he has performed it so many times that he must have become quite accustomed to it.

On Friday, October 28, Comrade George Bauer went, as usual, to the P. O. box of the *Freiheit*. There he was accosted by a man of mean visage, who introduced himself as "Johnson." Mr. Johnson wished to speak with Mr. Bauer, and it soon turned out that Mr. Johnson was no other than the notorious Anthony Comstock. He had again played his old, stupid Judas trick. In a letter written to Bauer and signed Johnson, Bauer was requested to send Johnson, the correspondent, by mail, two Ferrer memorial pictures, for which one dollar was enclosed. Bauer did this, of course; he even wrote a letter to "Johnson," which Comstock, the *mouchard* and patron saint of the United States morals, now triumphantly held in his hands as evidence that Comrade Bauer had committed a terrible crime.

Bauer was arrested and brought before Federal Commissioner Shields, who fixed the bail at $800. Then Bauer was sent—handcuffed to a detective—to the Tombs.

The next day the case was brought before the Grand Jury, who refused to indict Bauer on the charge of sending obscene pictures through the mail. Bauer

was released, and Comstock and the Federal Government were left to indulge in moral indignation: for if Comstock did not lie in this particular instance, he acted in accordance with an order directly received from Washington, urging him to hunt up the Ferrer picture. That is what he told Bauer. Probably somewhere there lurked a priest or a pious, patriotic citizen, who felt that his religious and moral feelings were insulted by the picture, so terribly insulted that he was compelled to become an informer to the governmental Providence.

The immoral and obscene character of the drawing was discovered in a symbolic figure representing humanity. A symbol without woolen trousers—is it not an unspeakable crime! Symbols, Ideals, Principles must wear at least hobble skirts; otherwise they will not be tolerated by Comstock and his employers.

Perhaps Mr. Johnson, alias Comstock, may be inclined to write more of his Judas letters to persons whom he wants to send to jail. Therefore we make public his address as given in the letter to Bauer: Max Johnson, P. O. Box 201, Summit, N. J. The "confiscated picture" can be ordered from George Bauer, P. O. Box 1719, New York City. Price 50 cents.

* * *

OF the twenty-five Ferrer Anniversaries in America, the one in Cooper Union was the most successful in every respect. Long before the appointed hour a large mass of humanity thronged the hall, and thousands had to be turned away. The earnestness and enthusiasm manifested throughout the entire meeting were inspiring indeed.

The Ferrer Association is now preparing an energetic campaign in behalf of the first Modern School in New York City.

* * *

THE United States Express Company, now engaged with other companies in still further robbing the workers, sent MOTHER EARTH this notice:

"We have on hand at above address a shipment consigned to you. Delivery at your address is delayed by violence of strikers. Same will be delivered at this office to you or on your order."

Our readers will see from our reply that we were not tardy in exchanging compliments:

"In reply to your card notifying us of your inability to deliver our goods, we beg to say this: We protest most energetically against your term "violence of strikers." The only violence we know of is being committed by your hired thugs. As part of the community who pay very highly for your service we demand that you give your workers a decent wage, which is indeed little enough of what is really due them."

Those who realize their indebtedness to the victims of the Express Company will do well to send similar respects. The exploiters must be made to understand the unity between producer and consumer.

* * *

THE American press, ever ready to bring columns of lickspittle news about the doings of European nobility, had almost nothing to report of the General Strike of the French railway employees. Naturally. It would not do to acquaint the American workers with the victory of their brothers in France. They might learn by example. They might realize that revolutionary tactics are much in place in our economic struggle. That would indeed be disastrous for the American exploiters. How much the workers in France have learned to appreciate revolutionary economic methods is best proved by the result of the conference of the *Confederation du Travail* at Toulouse. The reform element with its legal proposition of economic warfare was completely voted down by 1,087, as against 97 votes. Direct Action and the General Strike are the slogans of the workers. Thus Anarchist agitation in the ranks of the Federation has scored a tremendous victory.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

ALL FOR THE CAUSE

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us—some to live, and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one hath gone before,
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

E'en the tidings we are telling was the tale they had to tell,
E'en the hope that our hearts cherish, was the hope for which they fell.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labor and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their life;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.

Some had name and fame and honor, learn'd they were, and wise and strong,
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.

Hearken how they cry, "Oh, happy, happy ye that ye were born

In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn;

"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live,
Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."

Ah, it may be! Oft me seemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise;

There amidst the world new-builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the cause for each shall choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live, and some to die!

THE MARTYRS OF CHICAGO

By H. KELLY.

YEARS come and go, with that rhythm in which Time has no competitor. The scenes change and, alas, often change back again. At present the world is in a ferment, and the signs of the times—deceptive as they often are—portend great changes. Despotic Portugal, Turkey, and Persia take a step forward and establish, the one a republic, the others constitutional monarchies. Norway achieves her independence, Russia a semblance of constitutionalism, and China is about to do the same. Finland, New Zealand, and some of the American States grant woman suffrage. Peasant and proletariat of all countries draw ever closer together; so much so, indeed, that the trade of priest and politician grows daily more precarious, and statesmen (?) no longer make war at the whim of royal masters. The temper of the mob must be ascertained and, if hostile, they must be seduced by artful appeals to their pride and patriotism, their thirst for plunder, or some other expedient conveyed to them through a subsidized press. Deplorable as it is to see the people humbugged—first debauched, and plundered afterward—there is a grain of comfort in the fact that absolutism has passed away, and the influence of the people in their own affairs grows greater daily. When Italy plunges into war with Abyssinia, it is a revolt of the Italian people that prevents the continuation of a hopeless contest. The Abyssinians demonstrated their prowess on the field of battle, but who doubts that the war would have continued indefinitely had not the people of Italy risen in rebellion and forced a settlement. When the United States wants to declare war on Spain, it is necessary first to fire the indignation of the American people with tales of Spanish barbarism. When the multimillionaires of England wish to lay hands on the gold mines of South Africa, it is necessary to appeal to man's chivalry by inventing stories of Boer atrocities: no one who lived through that time in England can forget the shameless lies told about the Boers to fan the hatred of the English masses. Again, when those gallant Dutchmen fought the British armies to a

standstill, driving home to the British people a feeling of respect for their power and a realization of what it costs to subdue a free people, it is the murmurings of that same people that forced a settlement and established a United South Africa. A year ago the Spanish invasion of Morocco was on every tongue, and though the price was heavy, it was the Barcelona uprising that forced the Spanish King to capitulate. The end—if end there be—is still afar; and yet, could "the earth yawn and the grave give up its dead," we think that the five immortal souls who calmly awaited the end in those far off November days, would say, "There has been *some* progress since our time." "Our time!" Who of us can see yellow leaves and autumn tints without realizing that November is near, November with its regrets at the loss of gallant soldiers, November with its joy at the birth of a new era.

Moloch, like the past twenty-three years, has claimed many victims, martyrs of a noble ideal. Some, whose names are inscribed in the temple of fame and who rank as immortals; others, nameles and unknown, who lie in forgotten corners or, like those of '71, who sleep beneath the walls of *Père la Chaise*. They are all dear to us, and we pay our tribute to known and unknown with equal power. We single out the martyrs of Chicago, not because they died more courageously than Ferrer or suffered greater tortures than the martyrs of Montjuich, or Passanante, Spiridonava, and a thousand others. It is because they were the first to die for Anarchism, and at their death a new movement blazed forth with all the brilliancy of a new star.

"Liberty! I say with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee! Equality! they would desire thee, but they cannot reach thee!" Thus Turgot, and when we think of the ever-growing line of martyrs sacrificed to these ideals we are inclined to agree with that sentiment. But to do so would be to ignore the duality of man and to forget that if society numbers amongst its members those who scoff at equality and would assassinate liberty, it also has those who die for those principles. Engels has pointed out, in cryptic fashion, that each society has within it the seeds of its own de-

struction. Men like Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fisher, and Lingg are the seeds that will destroy ours.

If it be said that the story of Chicago's shame and tragedy has been told these three and twenty years until there is no more to be said, let us admit it. Yet, let us not forget, however, that the story loses none of its truth or potency for being told again. A new generation has grown since 1887, and that new generation must be told again and again the debt the American labor movement and all liberty-loving people owe the men of '87.

When representatives of labor are able to meet those who lay claim to coal mines, railways, and other forms of industry, and say to them, "Your profits have been thus and so during a period of years, but our wages have remained stationary; now we demand our share"—it implies a partnership. True, it is an unequal and unjust one, the producer getting but a minor share of his own product. But that assertion and recognition of ownership is a healthy sign, and such consciousness is in large measure the fruit of the agitation to which the Chicago men devoted their lives and sanctified by their death.

If the labor movement owes much to them, they also owe much to it: it was there they received the inspiration which bore them through the heat of battle to the very end. The force and strength of their propaganda illustrate the weakness of ours. To disassociate oneself from the people—with all their faults and foibles—is to lose one's inspiration; for when a truth becomes an abstraction, its real value is lost. As part and parcel of the labor movement the Chicago martyrs made the cause of labor their own; no concession wrung from the exploiter was disdained: it meant one barricade less before storming the final ramparts.

With twenty-three years to look back upon and the eight-hour day all but universal among the organized workers of America, we can say that the Chicago Anarchists saw as clearly as we see that those issues touch but the fringe of the real question. They took them up because labor demanded a little more leisure for itself, a slightly higher standard of comfort. A rallying cry for labor, the eight-hour movement united

men of every creed, race, and color, in a common cause: those who would strangle a Ferrer, and those who recognize in him a great teacher. In our time it has been impossible to convict Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, just as it will be impossible to send to jail Gompers and Mitchell, who flaunt and deride the United States courts on questions of labor. We do no injustice to Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone when we say that, weak as the evidence was against them, it was a hundred times more conclusive than that on which our comrades were done to death. We insist upon their guiltlessness at this late day, not because we are opposed to resisting oppression by every and all means in our power or because we believe that the Chicago martyrs thought otherwise. Policemen are but men, and if in their lust for power or upon the grounds of self-interest, they seek to prohibit protests against their own brutality, the people should defend themselves. Believing this, and further believing that our Chicago comrades thought as we do, we declare them murdered for an act which—according to the evidence—they neither committed nor abetted.

To measure the influence of their propaganda by their lives and death is impossible. That it has been great, there is no question; that it will continue to grow and inspire men, we do not doubt. "By their works ye shall know them." By their works we know these men and, knowing them, we love and honor them for the enemies they made.

LECTURES.

EMMA GOLDMAN will lecture in English at the Women's Trade Union League, 43 East 22nd Street, New York City.

Sunday, November 13th, 8 P. M. Subject: VICTIMS OF MORALITY.

Sunday, November 20th, 8 P. M. Subject: THE DANGER OF THE GROWING POWER OF THE CHURCH.

Admission, 15 cents.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?*

A Study of Conduct, from the Viewpoint of the Man Awake

By ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

WHEN we were little we were taught to mind. It used to be the fashion to teach children to mind. Obedience was the *sine qua non* of childhood. A child with a will of its own was marked for special dicipline at the hands—often, literally at the hands—of the alarmed parent. A will of its own was a dangerous possession and must be broken at all costs. So the little will was broken; the costs were too often handed down, even unto the third and fourth generation.

On the whole we learned to mind; learned it so well that most of us have minded ever since, becoming devout Christians and exemplary citizens; following the beaten path, thinking the time worn thoughts, moulding our lives after the antique pattern esteemed by our ancestors. To be "good" was to do as we were told—"ours not to make reply, ours not to reason why"—ours to conform to the adult life around us, and to cause as little inconvenience as possible. This was the ideal of juvenile "goodness," and to be "good" was the most important thing in life. If it did not so appear to our childish minds, it was made so, very much so. Not only were we inflicted with punishments and enticed with rewards, but to offset the human tendency to concealment which naturally followed such treatment, we were assured that God was watching us, and that not merely every act but inded every thought was "under the law" and subject to the everlasting wrath of the Almighty, "who slumbers not nor sleeps." With the sacred ten commandments, the laws of the land, personified by the brass-buttoned policeman, and the arbitrary say-so of parents and teachers and other adults too numerous to mention, our little lives were bounded on the north, south, east and west by Authority, and in the sky above lowered the Awful Presence.

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* Read before the Cleveland Free Thought Society, Feb. 20, 1910.

This it was to be a child. I am afraid it has not altogether changed today. The home, intrenched in its ancient fastnesses, is slow to feel the influences of progressive tendencies. Fortunately, persons feel and respond to these tendencies before their institutions, individuals in advance of groups. Fortunately, too, we are not all "good" children, or we should all remain on our knees at the feet of Authority, murmuring with submissive lips "Thy will, not mine, be done."

As the child grows, he gradually becomes aware of certain principles to which all are expected to conform. If he has been "well trained," by the time he enters upon his teens he has the habit of obedience fixed as a trait of character. The persistent "Why?" of his normal mental activity has been silenced. He has become beautifully "teachable" and very satisfactorily tractable. The period of youth is one of the inculcation of principles, social ideals, which have come to be held inviolable, and by which the future conduct of his life is to be gauged when he shall assume direction of his own affairs. Life now grows more complex. Obedience was simple; so very simple, so very easy, that many prefere to abrogate all private judgement, to avoid all perplexities, and to remain always good and obedient children. Hence religion survives religion, which fosters irresponsibility and automatic morality.

These social ideals—remember I am setting aside peculiarities of time and place, and dealing with averages, the great civilized human averages,—these social ideals may be broadly stated as: Honesty, Respectability, Prosperity. On these hang all the essentials of conduct. Failing in these, the individual becomes, more or less according to the measure of his deviation, an undesirable.

These standards of conduct, accepted by religious and irreligious alike, are presented to the youth as things sacred in themselves, not to be questioned. One who should ask: "Why should I be honest?" would be suspected of moral degeneracy. It is true they tell us that honesty is the best policy, but that is given us rather as an assuaging circumstance than

as a motive. *Of course* one must be honest! One must be honest for honesty's own sake. Money-honest, that is. In a society where Science and Religion walk hand-in-hand one will hardly look for scrupulousness as to intellectual honesty; nor will one expect to find insistence on emotional and social honesty in a society which worships Respectability. For the greatest of these is Respectability, and respectable one must be though the heavens fall.

Close upon Respectability follows Prosperity. He who fails to get on in the world arouses suspicion, but he who prosperes glows with justification. However, the element of opportunity being recognized as a factor in business success, and moreover the good Lord having peculiar ways of chastening his children, some measure of social forgiveness may be meted out to him of small means, but the pillars of the church and the bulwarks of society are honest, well-thought-of, and well-to-do.

The worship of this blessed trinity is called Duty, By the unpremeditated and involuntary act of being born we are supposed to have incurred a three-fold obligation: our duty to God, our duty to man, and our duty to ourselves,—named in the order of their importance. Preacher, teacher, poet and sage alike speak to us of Duty. The world's literature is full of beautiful tributes to Duty, and stirring exhortations of Conscience,—a spiritual faculty the function of which is to admonish us of Duty. Conscience is the voice of God in the soul, say the religious. The non-religious who have dethroned God and set Right in his place will tell us that conscience is man's innate sense of right and wrong,—a newer edition, revised, of the God-explanation. Of course that settles it,—settles it about as well, or ill, as the God-explanation usually settles problems. It is not essential that such an explanation be logical, that it be scientific, that it be consistent; it is not essential, even that it should explain. So long as repeating it gives one that superior sanctified air, it will stand through the ages, to be fought for and lived for and died for.

As is the history of the individual, so has been the history of the human race. Human knowledge passes

through three stages of developement: the Supernatural, the Metaphysical, the Scientific, and the science of human conduct follows it. We find primitive man ruled by fear; worshipping power and mystery; easily coming under the authority of a priesthood which claims to interpret for him the unknown. This is the childish age of Bugaboos and Authority, which is succeeded by the Metaphysical period; the worship of entities, ideals, principles; things to be valued in and for themselves. To this age belongs the reign of Conscience, which especially characterizes our own day. And as our knowledge and understanding of the material universe passes from the realms of mystery into the region of exact knowledge, so must the conduct of life take on the scientific method, and, leaving the darkness of tradition and the fogs of metaphysics, become truly rationalized. As yet it lingers on the borderline between the Supernatural and the Metaphysical. The Scientific Era has not dawned.

In the life of each man and woman sooner or later there comes an awakening. I am inclined to think it comes to all, but very many go to sleep again. The stupor of years of acquiescence, the apathy bred of the habit of conformity, overcomes them. And there are many who count the cost and shut their eyes again. It takes a certain sturdy strength to cross the current, to steer for unknown seas.

But some there are who do not shrink when they come face to face with life, and unto these comes experience and knowledge and insight; and through these comes all the progress of the world.. Awakened by some crisis, public or private; or cramped into wakefulness by the pressure of antique traditions or institutions; shocked awake, it may be, by contradictions between scientific and convential standards; or perhaps stirred by some echo from the unanswered "Why?" of their childhood; they boldly challenge the world. "Why are you here?" they demand of every institution. "What have you to offer me?" they ask of Life itself. And to such there is no rest and no peace until they are answered. The Man Awake recognizes nothing which he may not analyze, noth-

ing which he may not weigh in the balance. Though one by one his cherished idols fall and crumble, he must apply the tests of truth.

With the downfall of the God-idol I shall not here concern myself. It is the simplest, the easiest liberation. When one bears the torch of Reason and uses the compass of Science, all roads lead to Freedom. Many have made this journey, but many have stopped here and lain down again and slept. I concern myself with the Man Awake who sees his liberation but begun; for the God-influence does not perish with the belief in God. God is dead, but worship survives, and it is not God but worship which stultifies man's growth. The Supernatural passes into the Metaphysical,—and the Man Awake still questions. The conduct of life, no longer a matter of the relation of man to occult powers, becomes a relation of man to exalted imaginings and deified principles. While our knowledge and use of our material environment is far advanced into the scientific stage of development, our understanding of and our attitude toward our social environment is still in the Metaphysicial stage. We have a science of things, but not as yet a science of men. There are many cobwebs to be swept away before the conduct of life takes on the scientific form. Any ideal which becomes an object of worship, which in and for itself compels observance; any principle, obedience to which is forced upon men, either by violence, by legal enactment, or by the coercion of public opinion, becomes a fetish. The air is full of such. This is an age of mental and emotional fetishism. Chief among these and including most of them,—all, indeed, which approach universality—stands Duty. From the cradle to the grave one is admonished of Duty. From the lips of parents and teachers, from preachers and judges and kings, from friend and foe alike, comes the magic word. Come joy or come sorrow, in life or unto death, one must follow Duty; and no man knows whence it comes nor why, and few *can* follow it, but each man says to every other "Do thy Duty!" Duty, not to be denied, not to be questioned, but potent to guide and to govern a world of men! Of

this fetish, then, the Man Awake demands credentials. He has outgrown the theological traditions of his fathers, he has gained a new viewpoint whence everything must be judged anew. He sets about revising his standards. It may be months, it may be years, before he makes the full readjustment, but what matters it? He is free, and growing, and that is very nearly the whole of life,—to be free and to grow!

(To be continued)

ANARCHISM

By FRANCIS W. L. ADAMS.

'Tis not when I am here,
In these homeless homes,
Where sin and shame and disease
And foul death comes;

'Tis not when heart and brain
Would be still and forget
Men and women and children
Dragged down to the pit:

But when I hear them declaiming
Of "liberty," "order," and "law,"
The husk-hearted gentleman
And the mud-hearted bourgeois,

That a sombre hateful desire
Burns up slow in my breast
To wreck the great guilty temple,
And give us rest.

THE NEED OF TRANSLATING IDEALS INTO LIFE

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

ONE year has passed since the death of Francisco Ferrer. His martyrdom has called forth almost universal indignation against the cabal of priest and ruler that doomed a noble man to death. The thinking, progressive elements throughout the world have voiced their protest in no ambiguous manner. Everywhere sympathy has been manifested for Ferrer, the modern victim of the Spanish Inquisition, and deep appreciation expressed for his work and aims. In short, the death of Ferrer has succeeded—as probably no other martyrdom of recent history—in rousing the social conscience of man. It has clarified the eternally unchanging attitude of the church as the enemy of progress; it has convincingly exposed the State as the crafty foe of popular advancement; it has, finally, roused deep interest in the destiny of the child and the necessity of rational education.

It would indeed be a pity if the intellectual and emotional energies thus wakened should exhaust themselves in mere indignation and unprofitable speculation concerning the unimportant details of Ferrer's personality and life. Protest meetings and anniversary commemorations are quite necessary and useful, in proper time and place. They have already accomplished, so far as the world at large is concerned, a great educational work. By means of these the social consciousness has been led to realize the enormity of the crime committed by the Church and State of Spain. But "the world at large" is not easily moved to action; it requires many terrible martyrdoms to disturb its equilibrium of dullness; and even when disturbed, it tends quickly to resume its wonted immobility. It is the thinking, radical elements which are, literally, the movers of the world, the intellectual and emotional disturbers of its stupid equanimity. They must never be suffered to become dormant, for they, too, are in danger of growing absorbed in mere adulation of the martyr and rhetorical admiration of his great work. As Ferrer himself has wisely cautioned us: "Idols are created when men are praised, and this is very

bad for the future of the human race. The time devoted to the dead would be better employed in improving the condition of the living, most of whom stand in great need of this."

These words of Francisco Ferrer should be italicized in our minds. The radicals, especially,—of whatever creed—have much to atone for in this respect. We have given too much time to the dead, and not enough to the living. We have idealized our martyrs to the extent of neglecting the practical needs of the cause they died for. We have idealized our ideals to the exclusion of their application in actual life. The cause of it was an immature appreciation of our ideals. They were too sacred for everyday use. The result is evident, and rather discouraging. After a quarter of a century—and more—of radical propaganda, we can point to no very particular achievement. *Some* progress, no doubt, has been made; but by no means commensurate with the really tremendous efforts exerted. This comparative failure, in its turn, produces a further disillusioning effect: old-time radicals drop from the ranks, disheartened; the most active workers become indifferent, discouraged with lack of results.

It is this the history of every world-revolutionizing idea of our times. But especially is it true of the Anarchist movement. Necessarily so, since by its very nature it is not a movement that can conquer immediate, tangible results, such as a political movement, for instance, can accomplish. It may be said that the difference between even the most advanced political movement, such as Socialism, and Anarchism is this: the one seeks the transformation of political and economic conditions, while the goal of the other includes a complete transvaluation of individual and social conceptions. Such a gigantic task is necessarily of slow progress; nor can its advancement be counted by noses or ballots. It is the failure to realize fully the enormity of the task that is partly responsible for the pessimism that so often overtakes the active spirits of the movement. To that is added the lack of clarity regarding the manner of social accoutrements.

The Old is to give birth to the New. How do such things happen? as little Wendla asks her mother in Wedekind's *Frühlings Erwachen.* We have outgrown

the stork of Social Revolution that will deliver us the newborn child of ready-made equality, fraternity, and liberty. We now conceive of the coming social life as a condition rather than a system. A condition of mind, primarily; one based on solidarity of interests arising from social understanding and enlightened self-interest. A system can be organized, made. A condition must be developed. This development is determined by existing environment and the intellectual tendencies of the times. The causation of both is no doubt mutual and interdependent, but the factor of individual and propagandistic effort is not to be under-estimated.

The social life of man is a centre, as it were, whence radiate numerous intellectual tendencies, crossing and zigzagging, receding and approaching each other in interminable succession. The points of convergence create new centres, exerting varying influences upon the larger centre, the general life of humanity. Thus new intellectual and ethical atmospheres are established, the degree of their influence depending, primarily, on the active enthusiasm of the adherents; ultimately, on the kinship between the new ideal and the requirements of human nature. Striking this true chord, the new ideal will affect ever more intellectual centres which gradually begin interpreting themselves into life and transvaluing the values of the great general centre, the social life of man.

Anarchism is such an intellectual and ethical atmosphere. With sure hand it has touched the heart of humanity, influencing the world's foremost minds in literature, art, and philosophy. It has resurrected the individual from the ruins of the social débacle. In the forefront of human advance, its progress is necessarily painfully slow: the leaden weight of ages of ignorance and superstition hangs heavily at its heels. But its slow progress should by no means prove discouraging. On the contrary: it evidences the necessity of greater effort, of solidifying existing libertarian centres, and of ceaseless activity to create new ones.

The immaturity of the past had blinded our vision to the true requirements of the situation. Anarchism was regarded, even by its adherents, as an ideal for the future. Its practical application to current life was entirely ig-

nored. The propaganda was circumscribed by the hope of ushering in the Social Revolution. *Preparation* for the new social life was not considered necessary. The gradual development and growth of the coming day did not enter into revolutionary concepts. The dawn had been overlooked. A fatal error, for there is no day without dawn.

The martyrdom of Francisco Ferrer will not have been in vain if, through it, the Anarchists—as well as other radical elements—will realize that, in social as well as in individual life, conception precedes birth. The social conception which we need, and must have, is the creation of libertarian centres which shall radiate the atmosphere of the dawn into the life of humanity.

Many such centres are possible. But the most important of all is the young life, the growing generation. After all, it is they upon whom will devolve the task of carrying the work forward. Just in the proportion that the young generation grows more enlightened and libertarian, will we approach a freer society. Yet in this regard we have been, and still are, unpardonably negligent; we Anarchists, Socialists, and other radicals. Protesting against the superstition-breeding educational system, we nevertheless continue to subject our children to its baneful influence. We condemn the madness of war, yet we permit our offspring to be inculcated with the poison of patriotism. Ourselves more or less emancipated from false bourgeois standards, we still suffer our children to be corrupted by the hypocrisy of the established. Every such parent directly aids in the perpetuation of dominant ignorance and slavery. Can we indeed expect a generation reared in the atmosphere of the suppressive, authoritarian educational régime, to form the cornerstone of a free, self-reliant humanity? Such parents are criminally guilty toward themselves and their children: they rear the ghost that will divide their house against itself, and strengthen the bulwarks of darkness.

No intelligent radical can fail to realize the need of the rational education of the young. The rearing of the child must become a process of liberation by methods which shall not impose ready-made ideas, but which should aid the child's natural self-unfoldment. The purpose of such an education is not to force the child's adaptation to

accepted concepts, but to give free play to his originality, initiative, and individuality. Only by freeing education from compulsion and restraint can we create the environment for the manifestation of the spontaneous interest and inner incentives on the part of the child. Only thus can we supply rational conditions favorable to the development of the child's natural tendencies and his latent emotional and mental faculties. Such methods of education, essentially aiding the child's imitative quality and ardor for knowledge, will develop a generation of healthy intellectual independence. It will produce men and women capable, in the words of Francisco Ferrer, "of evolving without stopping, of destroying and renewing their environment without cessation; of renewing themselves also; always ready to accept what is best, happy in the triumph of new ideas, aspiring to live multiple lives in one life."

Upon such men and women rests the hope of human progress. To them belongs the future. And it is, to a very considerable extent, in our own power to pave the way. The death of Francisco Ferrer were in vain, our indignation, sympathy, and admiration worthless, unless we translate the ideals of the martyred educator into practice and life, and thus advance the human struggle for enlightenment and liberty.

A beginning has already been made. Several schools, along Ferrer lines, are being conducted in New York and Brooklyn; Philadelphia and Chicago are also about to open classes. At present the efforts are limited, for lack of aid and teachers, to Sunday schools. But they are the nucleus of grand, far-reaching potentiality. The radical elements of America, and chiefly the Francisco Ferrer Association, could rear no worthier nor more lasting monument to the memory of the martyred educator, Francisco Ferrer, than by a generous response to this appeal for the establishment of the first **Francisco Ferrer Day School in America.**

THE ANARCHISTS

By BOLTON HALL.

WE caught sight of the other boat for a second on our starboard; she seemed to be standing on end, and only two men remained clinging to the seats. I heard Mary's shriek above the wind, "He's gone, he's gone." We strained our eyes, but in an instant the boat was lost in the torrent of mist and spray.

We could see nothing, but we heard somewhere the long slow groan of breakers on a sandy shore—the wind drove us, as nearly as we could make out, parallel with the line of breakers, so with oars and the bit of sail, we hung off from the shore all day as well as we could; with every big wave we expected to be swamped and strained at the oars to put off rather than to avoid our fate.

Toward evening, the fog suddenly lifted and we saw a shelving beach not fifty yards away—we must have drifted towards the lee of the land, seeing that, though the wind kept up, the rollers were smaller. Without consultation and almost without orders, we put out our remaining strength in an attempt to rush the boat up with a big wave and strand her on the beach.—

That is all I remember, till I woke in the sunshine high up on a bank of sand and with the quiet monotonous roll of big breakers in my ears.

I found that all in our long boat had been mercifully saved, and we set to work at once to help ourselves, by helping one another make a shelter.

In that little boat load of twenty persons we had over fourteen different kinds of trades or professions, and several hundred kinds of capacities, and, being united, we felt that we had the powers not of twenty, but of twenty times twenty—as our writer said, we were "the" four hundred; and it was surprising how much we could make and how comfortable we became with nothing to live on but the land.

It was not long before we began to exchange, one with another, the things we made. In time this led us into a difficulty, since values would not come out even, and we had to adopt a plan of checks or receipts to even

up. These were passed on again to others. We found, however, that it was necessary later to adopt a different plan.

We were working hard gathering planks and driftwood out of the Sea to make a raft by which we might reach the wreck, when we were overjoyed to see coming toward us one of the two men that we had seen in the boat. He was a Mr. Autos, passenger, a man apparently of some importance. As he had always been most affable, we were surprised, especially on such a reunion, to observe that his manner was distinctly cold, until he abruptly said, "We might as well start right at once. I arrived last night, the first on this Island and took possession of it by right of discovery. What rent can you afford to pay me for letting you live on my land?"

There was a moment's silence, until Bill Bow, the coxswain, broke into a roar of laughter, in which, I am sorry to say, the rest had so little respect for law and order as to join.

Said Bill, "Why, Mate, if you let us live here, I don't see but in fairness we had ought to let you live here too."

In vain Mr. Autos stormed; in vain I pointed out to them that rights in land were the first steps in civilization and that we sent Missionaries to heathen nations to teach them that we owned their countries and thereby to rescue them from their state of supine ease. I could not make the fellows see.

Mr. Autos was justly sulky; but he assured us, and I think fairly, that when other men arrived all would have to submit to law.

* * *

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

* * *

ANARCHIST—A believer in Anarchism; one opposed to all forms of coercive government and invasive authority; an advocate of Anarchy, or absence of government, as the ideal of political liberty and social harmony.

AMONG BOOKS

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THE problem whether the United States possesses an original literature comparable to that of other civilized nations is again vexing some English minds. Messrs. Verdad and Williams are conducting a heated discussion over the matter in the London *New Age*. Mister Verdad is the self-chosen pope in the world of diplomacy,—omniscient and infallible in international politics, a prophet intimately familiar with all coming events. He knows all the designs of the chiefs of foreign affairs; he is conversant with the plans of the various financial circles; he is fully cognizant of all the conspiracies hatched by the numerous pretenders to European thrones. He knows that the Finns are conspiring the subjection of Russia, the Egyptians scheming to overrun Great Britain, the Bohemians designing to conquer Austria.

In the age of the Metternichs, Wellingtons, Montalemberts, and Nesselrodes he would have played the rôle of a diplomatic stool pigeon like Friedrich von Gentz. But in the twentieth century he cuts a rather pitiful figure in the otherwise splendidly edited *New Age*. Verdad collaborating with the Chestertons, with Shaw, Wells, Belford Bax, and Ashley Dukes—ye gods, what a combination! Only a good dose of humor enables one to stomach Verdad so long as he busies himself with high diplomacy; but, the Lord have mercy when he begins to tap his superior wisdom in matters literary. Especially does he make his reactionist tendencies offensively apparent when he approaches the literature of the "Unistaters," an epithet Verdad thinks significant because it's his own invention. The "Unistaters" have, according to Verdad, not produced a single poet of importance. Poe was a "sporting plant," Whitman "an Anarchist who found life chaotic and made the chaos more chaotic still." His ecstacy over the literature of Latin America gives one the impresssion that the North American writers are mere barbarians compared with the geniuses of Paraguay, Uruguay, and British Guiana.

But most deliciously unique is Verdad in his final verdict that the "Unistaters" have no creative imagination, since they have failed to produce a Fichte, Hegel, Schel-

ling, Kant, Schopenhauer, or Nietzsche. The explanation is of course evident—to Verdad, and characteristically logical: the American mind is Teutonic, and the Teutonic intellect—of the Fichtes, Kants, Schopenhauers, and Nietzsches—is "slow, stupid, and muddy."

The American intellect Teutonic! What more convincing testimonial of gross ignorance could this wonderful critic submit to us? Anyone possessing the least acquaintance with the literature and art of America cannot fail to trace the most pronounced Latin tendencies. To be sure, if critics like Verdad conceive by the Latin spirit the literary craftmanship of a de Heredia or of a D'Annunzio, in that case the art and literature of the "Unistaters" lacks the Latin spirit. But if the Latin spirit represents the social consciousness and the power of expression of a Meunier, Zola, Mirabeau, or an Ada Negri, then the creative work of America bears strong kinship to the intellectual culture of Latin peoples.

This the Verdads subtly feel because of their very reactionism: indeed one of their capital indictments against modern American literature is that it is pregnant with the spirit of Anarchy, of rebellion against accepted tradition. They commit the fatal mistake of confusing the primeval, natural—often primitively wild—spirit with brutality, inability, and inferiority. People who live in the past are incapable of understanding the spiritual tendencies of modern nations or of appreciating the creative art in which they seek expression. There are but few countries the literature of which expresses life so adequately—in its spiritual, political, and social aspects—as the literature of America. The insurgent spirit which is manifesting itself with ever growing force—not merely in the political, but also in the social and ethical life of the American people—is the work of this literature. Not a mere *belles-letters* literature for the privileged few, but one pulsating with the life of the people. The great majority of modern American writers are undisguised social rebels.

Several books now before me clearly express this tendency; among them: "Types from City Streets," by Hutchins Hapgood; "The House of Bondage," by Reginald Wright Kauffman, and "Burning Daylight," by Jack London.

Hutchins Hapgood occupies a peculiar position in the world of American letters. His works can not be assigned to a particular class. He belongs to a school of his own, one of journalistic impressionism. Our daily press absorbs unnumbered talents; but few succeed in saving themselves from the killing drudgery, to win a name in literature. These benefit by the experience gained in the preparatory work on the daily press. The works of Hapgood bear the stamp of the practical, experienced observer; but they are something more than mere photographic likenesses. A deep, almost mystical, philosophy underlies them. They are sociological treatises in artistic form. We see in them the intensive participation of the author in all the characters of his sketches. We feel the pulsation of his own life, we sense in the portrayal of their soul the reality of his own passions, ideals, and philosophy. That the types characterized by Hapgood are living contemporaries tends but to enhance the interest of the reader; but the problem of the author is the more difficult therefor. We stand too near these personalities; often we fail to find the qualities which the author perceives in them, their weaknesses or strength. Hence the misconceptions regarding such studies as "The Spirit of Labor" and "An Anarchist Woman"—books which have called forth endless discussion in Anarchist circles. Their titles are misleading. "The Spirit of Labor" portrays only the actual spirit of a small minority, of a certain labor group; but the spirit of labor at large is not evident therein, though its spiritual potentialities are foreshadowed. Nor does "An Anarchist Woman" portray a typical Anarchist woman, though some Anarchist individuals are pictured with realistic touch.

Better understanding and more general appreciation fell to the lot of "Life in the Ghetto" and "The Autobiography of a Thief."

In the last book of Hutchins Hapgood, "Types from City Streets,"* the whole panorama of the underworld passes before us in review. Not the underworld despised by the self-satisfied bourgeois, nor the philanthropized victims of the would-be humanitarian; rather the

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* Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

strong, independent, self-reliant characters. Types too individualized, too unique, to be assimilated by a society of philistines and pharisees. They represent the world of instinctive rebellion and natural revolt against a social order based on the morality of hypocrisy,—a world embracing a considerable percentage of our contemporaries, unfortunately almost entirely ignored by Socialist and Anarchist propaganda. Therefore we owe a debt of gratitude to a writer who with such artistic skill discovers to us this world of instinctive, even if unconscious, rebels. We perceive how much power, beauty, independence, and latent energy here remain unused; we realize how such types would develop in a free society, and what incalculable good they could accomplish.

Hapgood is gifted with the rare instinct of finding behind the common, often rough, exterior the inherent good qualities and especially spiritual and artistic grace. He is an analytical psychologist, a *connoisseur* who everywhere discovers beauty and depth; everywhere except in the ranks of the respectably dull bourgeoisie.

The sudden moral spasm over the so-called white slave traffic has produced a mountain of printed trash. Every spinster of male and female gender felt himself called upon to add his dutiful offering to the dunghill. The busiest of them all proved the soul savers—people who properly should ignore the sinful flesh. In a book called "The White Slave Trade" they retail their supreme panacea at a dollar per copy. The offered solution resolves itself in the demand for increased suppression, the cultivation of chastity, and an extra dose of lemonade. Another book dealing with the same problem is called "The Underworld Sewer," by Josie Washburn, a woman who was formerly the "Madam" of an assignation house in Omaha, her business affording her exceptional opportunities for intimate study of the corruption of press, police, and politicians. The book is a rather crude description of conditions with which every student of American city life is quite familiar.

Far superior to these publications, both in point of sociologic insight and artistic expression, is the work of Elizabeth Goodnow, entitled "The Market for Souls." It contains some exceptionally fine sketches, full of sym-

pathetic observation of the life of prostitutes, sketches which clarify to the reader his human kinship with these social victims.

Of still greater importance is a book by Reginald Wright Kauffman, "The House of Bondage,"* a work depicting in a masterly manner the economic causes of prostitution. It is a picture of actual life, palpitating with intense reality; a life the pressure of which no one can escape. The protracted vice investigation by the Rockefeller grand jury sinks into utter insignificance by comparison with the socially complete description in "The House of Bondage." The author does not hesitate to expose this terrible cancer of civilized life. We behold the pillars of society, the philanthropic lords of department stores, the professional politicians, police, and judges at work, their common purpose aided by procurers, cadets, and pimps; we witness in vivid light the daughters of the poor falling into the clutches of the economic Minotaur. The conventional prudery of charitable institutions, social centres, and settlements is analyzed with convincing power. The book is a terrific indictment against capitalistic society.

This work, however, is not above criticism from the standpoint of art. The German Marxian Hermann Hoffmann, eternally singing the patriotic *Wacht am Rhein,* is an impossible figure; also, the psychologic interpretation of some other characters in the book is rather weak. The author was more successful in portraying Mary Denbigh, the heroine of the story. The recital of her destruction in the maelstrom of prostitution is of consummate tragic force. Especially fine is the chapter describing her revenge upon her seducer by designedly inoculating him with syphilis.

Jack London's last work, "Burning Daylight,"† has just been issued in book form. This book, too, is a powerful arraignment of the capitalistic régime. London's description of our industrial system is the most vigorous to be found in any contemporary novel. One of the characters in the book thus describes existing society:

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* Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

† The Macmillan Co., New York.

"Society, as organized, was a bunco game. There were many hereditary inefficients—men and women who were not weak enough to be confined in feeble-minded homes, but who were not strong enough to be aught else than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Then there were the fools who took the organized bunco game seriously, honoring and respecting it. They were easy game for the others, who saw clearly and knew the bunco game for what it was. Work, legitimate work, was the source of all wealth. That was to say, whether it was a sack of potatoes, a grand piano, or a seven-passenger touring car, it came into being only by the performance of work. Where the bunco came in was in the distribution of these things after labor had created them. He failed to see the horny-handed sons of toil enjoying grand pianos or riding in automobiles. How this came about was explained by the bunco. By tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands men sat up nights and schemed how they could get between the workers and the things the workers produced. These schemers were the business men. When they got between the worker and his product, they took a whack out of it for themselves. The size of the whack was determined by no rule of equity, but by their own strength and swinishness."

Yet "Burning Daylight" is not a pessimistic book. Like Zola's *Travail* and *Fécondité*, this novel by London also closes with the splendid perspective of free labor. Back to nature is the keynote of the work. Those weary of the mad haste and rush of our insane life will find here a soothing idyl. Above all, London is a wonderful painter of nature; his description of Alaska and California is of surpassing strength and beauty. And what a portrayer of the New Woman! In Dede he has immortalized her.

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